

RELIC OF ST. ANNE

Its Removal Causes a Demonstration.

## THE LAMENTATIONS OF THE LAMBS

Piteous Appeals for a Last Look at the Blessed  
Fragment—The Clamors of the  
Crippled and Blind.

**NEW YORK, May 21.**—As the 8 o'clock train bound for Canada rolled out of the Grand Central station this evening it bore with it the sanctified relic of St. Ann. The bit of bone, having been wrapped up in thick brown paper, tied three times around with a stout string was safely put away in the right hand pocket of the trousers of Mgr. Marquis just before he left the house of the priests in Lexington avenue.

The treasure was enshrined in a little metal bound case no bigger than a snuff box. The little church of St. John the Baptist in East Seventy-sixth street, today was thrown open at 5 a. m. It was the day the treasure was to be exposed to the adoration of the faithful. It was first arranged that the doors should be closed sharp at high noon and the sacred bones

taken away then. But when the clock struck 12 there were so many people weeping and sad faces and miserable looks who besieged the church, begging for one last kiss of the holy chad, that it was four hours later before the place was closed.

At 4 o'clock, however, the order was given that the door must be closed. From 5 a.m. to 4 p.m. very much the same scenes were enacted which have been described in the Examiner. Mothers brought their

sick children to be touched by the religion that the little unfortunates might be helped. Barren women came to be blessed and women with child that their unborn children might come into the world whole. Withered, pitiable old cripples, young girls apparently sick unto death, and lame children who ought to have been whipped

Then there happened a scene the like which was certainly never seen in New York before. The church was filled with devotees. The altar at the right of the entrance was ablaze with candles in honor

the good St. Ann. Every person in the house

WAS BOWED IN PRAYER.

Then into the sanctuary one by one, came Canon Patit, the Fathers Tetreau, Fath Desjareins and two other priests. They took their places beside each other on the altar. Father Frederick Tetreau, the pastor of the church, who held the relics in his hands, moved from the altar to the

chance steps. A deep hush pervaded St. John's. He advanced a few steps more and held the blessed treasure high in his hands, while the worshippers solemnly bowed their knees as he said: "God bless thee, dear moment of time, which has been the cause of this hush the voices of the sweet choir and the silence, while the congregation pressed back in their seats to listen to him. "This is the holy relic of St. Ann," he said. "This blessed woman has done good work up to this spot during the past three weeks. She has shown that she has favored this place with her blessing. Her holy presence has been among us all the time." Lifting

box higher he spread out his arms and uttered a benediction as the supplicants bent their heads again. Then he stepped down from the altar, and as he started to walk down the aisle there was a sink like the waves of the sea, of the people who were gathered there.

They sprang, limped, and pleaded if they could not have one more touch of precious relic.

"Let me touch it again."

"Father, father, I must kiss it again."

"Please, father, let us have one more look."

These sounds resounded through the church. There were tears in the eyes of the father. Brother Luke began to weep. The priests at the altar had tears in their eyes.

THE SCENE WAS PITIFUL.

The crippled the deaf—all that misshapen

through clamored, many of them with their arms outstretched and supplicating for a last glimpse of the holy relic.

chased him out into the street. The clasp of the treasure against his breast hastened to the corner. Women trod his heels, still beseeching him to expel the relic just once more. He rounded the corner and gained the house of the priest. The father burst into tears as he saw supplicants crying out to him. Until after dark women with babies in their arms, and old men, with drawn mouths and crooked legs wandered about the church, longingly and hopelessly.

New York, May 21.—Snow to the depth of two to five inches has fallen in parts of this state and most of New England. The temperature is going in some places as high as twenty-six. Fruit and vegetables are suffering.

**BICYCLE COURIERS.**

They are Continuing Their Journey Against Time-Record of the Route.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21.—The bicyclists, bearing General Miles' message to General Howard, New York, are

ing up for lost time. Yesterday morning they were six and a half hours late. Bataira was reached at 1:20 this morning, two hours behind time. They reached Rochester at 4:30, one hour and 15 minutes late.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 21.—The by left Clyde, N. Y., an hour late. They pact to reach there thirty minutes late

UTICA, N. Y., May 21.—Houck and F

time occupied two hours and twenty-minutes on the fifteen miles between non and this city. At 8:24 P. C. H and F. Miller started with the mes-

**SULLIVAN'S TRAINER.**

Phil Casey, the Noted Hand Ball Player  
Train the Champion.

[Special to THE HERALD-Examiner Dispatch]  
NEW YORK, May 20.—Phil Casey, noted hand ball player of Brooklyn

been selected by Charlie Johnson, to John L. Sullivan for his battle with Corbett, Sept. 7. The training quarters will be on Long Island.

...says  
...plete  
...three  
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porter. Casey is a good man. A  
could not have been picked out, as  
will probably work with us. We  
here tomorrow night and then go to

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